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Out of the Glowing Embers

BY

Walter Engelbert Maurer



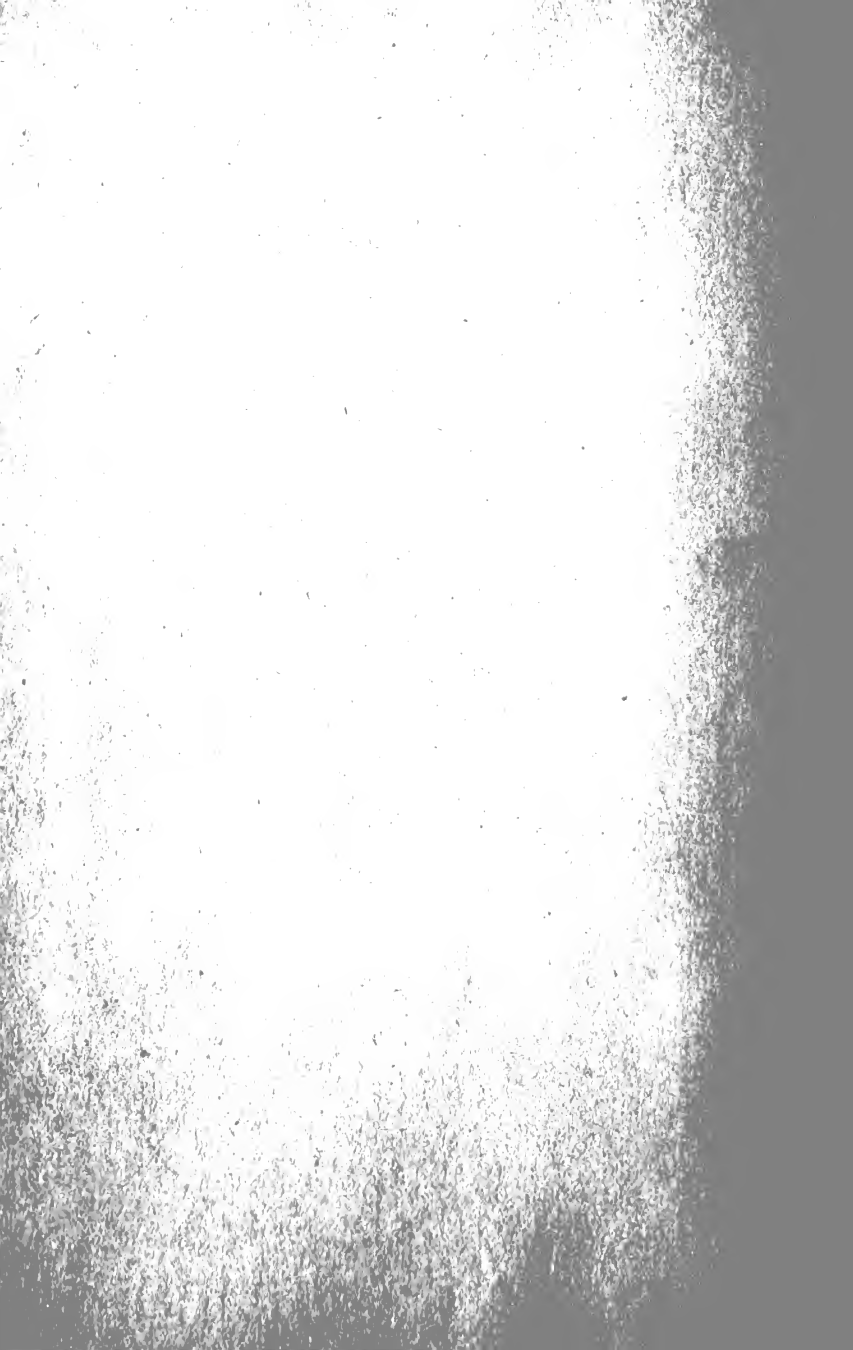
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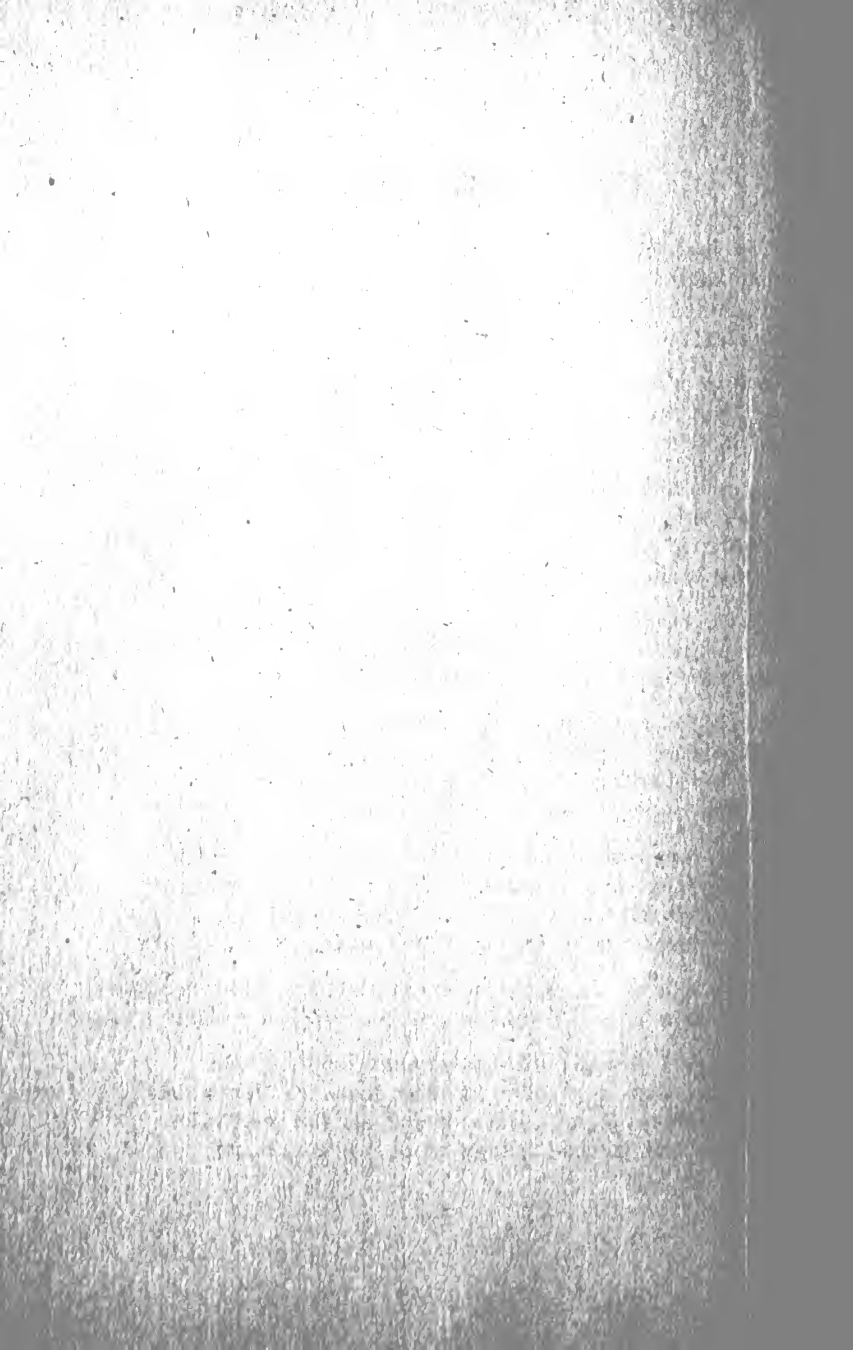
This collection is respectfully dedicated to
Mrs. Julia Hancock Sawyer and her adora-
ble Mother, whose appreciation of my efforts
has been my inspiration.

W. E. MAURER.



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Out of the Glowing Embers.

Out of the glowing embers, that still
Burn with the fires of yesternight,
They come, these little dancing elves of memory,
To stay for a moment, Life's petulant flight.

I am in a night of my own creation, and about me,
Lies the fathomless dusk of the soul's Play-land,
A world where dreams live true, and Time sleeps peacefully.

There, sombre walls enclose me safely, and I am king
Of all this strange domain, while fleeting shadows
Pass swiftly and silently, like grim sentinels
Of my secluded kingdom of darkness.

Still I do not reign alone, for on the golden throne
Above the hearth, the queen of my heart
Smiles all honor into my dreaming eyes.

Now a blood-red flame softly kisses the lips
Half hidden beneath a downy veil, that wreathes
About her brilliant face, alike the burning love
My lips once placed upon her own.

Her eyes are violet waters, in the ruddy fire's light,
And my soul is lost upon their sea, happily mad,
Living again the days of Loves delights, and feeling again
Each tender caress that kept my heart aflame til yet.

No more a king am I, for now her radiance dims my glory,
And I pale into the shadows, once more an humble subject.

Once more I whisper all my homage into her ears,
Pleading with a greater passion than the death-love
Of the Goddess Echo, and scorning all the love tales
The envious Boreas brings from out the north.

Now, her lips are smiling sweetly, and I again,
Am chosen for her love, as of the yestersummers.

Out of the glowing embers, I feel the warm arms
Reaching and folding me in their tender clasp, and I
Hear in distant rhapsodies, love promises of to-morrows.

* * * * *

The glowing embers are no more, and about me,
Shadows sleep as one, and slumber creeps into my eyes.

The winds alone perturb the night, and the gray
Ashes of my dreams, lie cold.



In Sunset Valley.

Gentle heart, you lie so subtly there,
While melodies of angels softly clothe
Your dreams that have no care.

Dreams, so sweet, they mock the perfumed breath
Of valley lilies, that pour their lives
Upon the midnight air above your breast, aye,
Dreams that make it life stead death.

Now I stand so wearily alone, here at your
Slumbering side, hearing your voice only
In the songs of birds, while the night winds
Sometimes whisper your sweet name to me.
Ah! Loved One! How I have sought you among the
Glittering stars, but O, so vainly,
For only my heart can see!

Your eyes light the night somewhere with their
Soft glow; your lips, you gave to me in one last
Kiss; God took your breath and gave it to some rare
Flower, that it's fragrance might forever sweeten
A summer's day.

Thru the meadows have I wandered, hoping there,
To find your dear face, but every blossom merely bows
Its head, and dewdrops fall so tearfully from out
Their tender hearts, that I pass on, my heart
Aching the more at this gentle sympathy.

You came into my life, as the bud upon the rose bush,
And after you had bloomed in fragrant beauty,
And filled my being with all that was, you folded
Your life as softly as the morning glory,
And stole beyond the hills with the sunset.

To-Night.

The moonlight casts the children's shadows on the street,
And thru the darkened trees, I see them play,
And hear, the patter of their little feet,
For bedtime's near.

The day,
So full of childish joy
Has passed, so,
One by one they go,
Each little weary boy,
To his dream-laden trundle bed,
That waits the pressure and the silken threads
Of each little tousled head,
So tired . . .

Now, everything is still, and lo!
Upon the stairs below,
My shadow falls alone,
The silver of the moon is everywhere,
But still I moan
Your absence, for you're not there.
My arms are held out just for you
My love,
But only winds of night pass thru
From skies above.

Alone.

When all the woodland stills to sleep
In twilight's dreamy shadows,
And birds have hushed
To welcome peace
With dusk that clothes the meadows,

'Tis then it seems my heart must break
For then 'tis most I miss
Your soft warm hands
My own would take
And lips that were mine to kiss.

When o'er the woodland comes the dawning
Of another weary day,
And the gloom of night is waning
With it's birth of yesterday,

'Tis now my heart is bitter sadness
As I gaze o'er life's abyss,
For only love
Can replace gladness
From lips that I loved to kiss.

Flower of Yesterday.

'Twas a blossom of yesterday
 Pressed in a book,
'Twas a memory pressed away
 In my mind's hidden nook.
Pressed away safely, but its life
 Gone at last,
Leaving faint fragrance of a love
 That had passed.

There on the mossy bank, we would while away hours
 Crowded with our simple love,
While summer played about us.
 The birds shared our happiness
And sang songs that only lovers could understand.
 Even the wild flowers opened their bright petals
That we might see the hearts that gave so sweetly
 From their lives.
The brook below us murmured on, singing ever
 Its own song of life.
And that we might not mistake its eager rush
 For turbulent flight,
It whirlpooled joyously, and sent its silver spray
 Through the sunlight to greet us.
But yonder in the shadow of the bridge,
 It flowed on softly and silently,
Meditating the day it must echo the footsteps
 Of my departing love.
So one day, I found the flower dearest to my heart
 As innocently white as my love for her,
And at dusk, while the night-birds cooed their
 Little ones to silence with strange lullabies,
I offered the blossom's life and mine withal,
 And placed them at her shrine.

The flower in a vase she placed, and in my
Arms herself, and gazing down, this blossom
Became the open-petaled witness to our kiss.
In our embrace, I felt the beating of but one heart,
Forgetting that sorrow could play discord on its strings,
But love that night, had tuned them to one song.
And so the melody sang its way softly into my life,
And the days were blue-bright,
With no storm clouds in the sky to cast dark shadows.
Deep in an August eve, when the stars
Danced their brightest, HE came, and like a thief
In the night, stripped my heart of its treasure.
So I fled through the curtain of darkness
Angry with my own soul,
Seeking the mossy bank that had fostered our love,
And there in its comforting velvet,
I poured out my bitterness, my tears mingling with
The dew upon its tender breast.
Then along the roadway, that had known only the pressure
Of our feet, I heard the coming of my end,
Up to the bridge they came, she casting only a fleeting
Glance at the birthplace of our one-time
Happiness, seeing nothing of the tattered heart
Its darkness held, and which she had left to die.
At last the moody silence of the deep, dark
Brook was broken, alike my heart,
For up through the blue-black emptiness,
Came the mocking echo of my departing all.
Its prophecy fulfilled in one last cruel jest,
The murmuring brook gushed on,
Telling my tale to myriads of water-children
Playing restlessly in its crystal depths.
Once again, the voice of yesterday, or perhaps
'Twas the familiar fragrance of some shrub
That led me once more to the spot
Where my heart lay buried,

And as I gazed about, seeking to recognize
A blossom or a blade that had known my touch
Of days ago, or the melody of her laughter, found
That all my little friends had passed
To Mother Earth, as had my hopes, in silence.
Once again, I looked before me for the silver water,
But neither murmur nor a ripple, fell upon my ears,
For the friendly brook had ceased its merry life
A long time since, and had forgotten the cruel echoes
Its surface had thrust unintending into
A love-bruised heart.
Now a vision of all loveliness sought
A place with the mist in my warm eyes,
For on yonder bank, reclining
On the bridge-rail, I saw Aronym, fair and of a beauty
Not as the eye could see, but as
She lived within my secret heart,
Her eyes were seeking a lost something
Among the stars, and as a starlight's gleam
Flashed within them, I saw unhappiness
Which turned my bitter sadness sweet, for I knew
That we were one in sorrow, though the bridge
Must stand between, and we must be apart.
Then as the moon-gleams fell upon her,
I saw her crush a faded blossom to her lips,
And two hot tears fall sparkling
Into the parched abyss below.
'Twas the companion of my love that felt
Her kiss, and the pent-up want of me, that welled
And fled in glittering haste from out
Their troubled skies of blue.

'Twas a blossom of yesterday,
Pressed to her lips,
'Twas a memory pressed away
With its lost honey sips;
Pressed away safely, but its
Life gone at last
Leaving faint fragrance
Of a love that had passed.

Beyond the Beast.

The Master's hand touched here and there,
And flowers grew and perfumed, as darkness
Ceased, and Life began all o'er the earth
When He had finished with the beast,
And in His image He then made His masterpiece,
Marvelous Man, who must father countless score,
And by his side a woman placed, that they,
Might reign all o'er this land, abloom
With virgin splendor.
To the man He gave a part of His wisdom,
And to the woman, Love, so great that it might last
Til earth's last gasps must sound the coming
Of the end, and then to prove their worth
To their Creator, God breathed a gift divine,
Which we, hold soul, and He bade them guard
Its sacredness, lest they
Taste the bitterness of exile's night.
So peace and sunlight danced in all this garden.
Night came softly and rose the sun in east
As gently; Love was law, and ruled supreme
As did these two, o'er birds and beasts
And all things breathing.
But man outgrew his love and generous self,
And soon his wants were unappeased,
Unlike the wolf who kills to eat his fill,
Man broke the law and plunged beyond the beast.
Now there they stand, two mothers sons of them.
And brother men, with knives unsheathed
Athirst for blood from out some mother's tender heart,
Unheeding, that each thrust, is one more gash
That bleeds in anguish in the breast
That waits beyond the craters of destruction.
O, where in all this wanton death, with all its dead
Lost sight to mothers' anxious eyes;
O, tell me, where in all this carnage wrought,
Is the cause so justified, that man must doom his soul
And place himself beyond the beast, without a God?

Jacquelin.

(To a Charming Two-Year-Old Child.)

God had a beautiful thought one day
And He smiled this thought into being,
While the angels about Him in gorgeous array,
Marveled and wondered at what they had seen.

But the Lord in His gentle and infinite way
Admonished His hosts and bid them haste,
For the soul He had breathed must have mortal clay,
So they op'd heaven's vaults, where its treasures were
placed.

One angel stole out and took from the dawn
All the gray from out its hue,
To color the eyes of the creature unborn,
Which she warmed with a whisp of blue.

Another soared forth to a distant star
And gathered in her wings all its light,
To place in the eyes of gray, afar,
That heaven might shine out bright.

With a bit of gold that they drew from the sun
The cherubs spun into hair,
And the gold-brown floss which they had begun
Others curled on the moonbeams there.

Then they molded with tender finger tips
An exquisite nose to her face,
While the loveliest angel offered her lips
And softly kissed them into place.

"If heaven would shine from her eyes," one cried,
"Her lips must show it the while;
Pray, give her my joy, for sorrow can't hide
Behind just an earthly smile."

"Aye, truly," a sagely seraphim sighed,
 "We have made her of heavenly graces,
But I give all my kindness and wisdom to guide
 This child through the earth's dark places."

"Hasten," the Archangel Michael said,
 "'Tis time for its life to begin.
What will ye name it, this silken head?"
 And the chorus sang, "Jacquelin."



Fragments.

Through the purple gloaming
 Gleams Venus majestically alone,
While in the far off west,
 The rose-pink afterglow
Of the setting sun,
 Nestles gently on the straggling
Cloud-blooms, that linger to receive its
 Good-night kiss, in the deepening blue. . . .

There I stand,
 Between the star's young life,
And the folding of the sun's gold wings,
 Holding in my hand, a great white rose,
Whose fragrance is the memory
 Of your life in mine,
And the sweet dying breath of hope,
 Of what might have been.

* * * * *

Eagerly, my footsteps sought the secret spot,
 Where the air breathed of her alone,
And there, I waited in the shadow of a tall tree
 Beneath, where the diamonds scintillated
Gloriously, in their bed of velvet blue.
 Moments passed . . . moments of dim silence,
When, somewhere in the gloom, I heard a rustling,
 O, so gently, as of the folding
Of a night bird's wings, closed up for slumber.
 And peering into the darkness, I saw,
What might have been a phantom, passing swiftly on,
 But my heart the wiser schooled, was not deceived,
It knew the flutter of white,
 'Twas . . . she!

* * * * *

The very nearness of her
Sets my heart aflame, to annihilation,
And as truly as love is the perfume
Of the blossoming soul,
So, is my life, a lingering moment
Of subtle fragrance,
When her words, "I love you,"
Melt into the moonbeams.



Little Boy that Lives in a Flat

Poor little fellow that lives in a flat
How will Santa know where he's at?

How will he find the little Boy's heart
When the chimney that's absent, keeps them apart?

Where will he hang his stocking that night
And keep it within the old fellow's sight?

He has no fireplace, spacious and brown
For old St. Nick to come sliding down.

Poor little fellow that lives in a flat
How will Santa Claus know where he's at?

But Santa is wise, tho' he's big and fat—
He'll find the boy who lives in the flat.

They say he's not true, and it's all a myth,
But they don't know who they're trifling with.

If he can come sliding from the flue to the floor,
He surely can walk through the big front door.

But the boy remembered what his daddy had said
That night when he tucked him away in his bed,

That Santa will find every good little boy,
To fill their hearts with presents and joy.

For Santa is wise, tho' he's old and fat,
And he'll find the boy who lives in the flat.

Along Life's Roadway.

Tottering, she came,
Burdened with years
That were all too full
With Life's sad song. . . .

* * * * *

"Mother, why come ye alone,
Have ye no son
To help thee o'er the weary way?"

The eyes, that were not eyes,
But merely folds, one o'er the other,
Looked up into my questioning own—
Eyes, that were lost amid the countless furrows
Time, had carved upon her face. . . .

"Young sir, we come alone, my soul and I,
But when I fall along the wayside,
Angels whisper strength into my withered frame,
And I struggle on again."

Came a smile, yet all too young
For its grim setting,
Smoothing out a thousand wrinkles. . . .
Up through the crust of age
It came, out of fragile Youth,
The one fresh blossom of Life's Springtime,
That its Winter could not chill.

"Please, kind sir, I hunger
And these few pence are my all."

Mother, whence came ye,
Hast thou no home,
No fire-side wherewith to warm thy failing limbs?"

The gray head bowed a moment,
Straggling strands showed thinly there,
Each one, a gray ash of some forgotten,
Burned-out Summer of Life's calendar.

"Ah, young sir, there was a time,
When Youth was proud to claim me for its queen,
But that time passed, as all time does,
And that same pride that held me in respect,
Cast me, from the heart of my own Life's blood!"

And then a tear welled in the eyes
That were not eyes,
But merely folds, one o'er the other,
Welled, and then o'erflowed, and vanished,
Lost amid the countless furrows
Time had carved upon her face.

"Mother, ye shall eat
From what morsels I possess.
Truly, 'tis not much, nor is it mine
To give or keep, but God's,
Who loaned them, just to share
With one less blessed than I."

And as I watched the morsels
Eagerly become no more,
My heart sobbed full within me,
And a mist enclosed my eyes,
Yet to see, were useless, for I knew
That hunger, merciless hunger
Had almost gnawed its way into her soul.

* * * * *

O, God! With what great grace are we endowed,
This mundane dust!
To do Thy will, and with a crust
Give all Thy generous love away,
And call it kindness of our own!

"Young sir," the voice unsteady came,
"Your goodness I can ne'er repay,
But take these few pence, and my thanks—
They are but words, and yet
I can only ask Gods blessing on thy head."

"Say no more, poor mother,
This little kindness I have done,
Brings me happiness that needs no thanks."

And then the smile so childish young,
Softened its grim setting,
Smoothing out a thousand wrinkles. . . .
Up through the crust of age
It came, out of fragile Youth,
The one fresh memory of Life's Springtime,
That its Winter could not chill.

"Mother, where go ye now,
Thy footsteps leave no echo,
Art thou at home, at last, that ye do not answer?"

* * * * *

Softly, she went,
As a song upon the air,
Leaving in my arms alone, the years unburdened
Of Life's sad song.

Inspiration.

She does not know,
 My Little Perfumed Well of Hopes,
That in her blue eyes
 I see the bright heavens of happy yesterdays.
Nor does she guess,
 That in their depthless gaze,
I've found the secret path that ends among the stars,
 Bestrewn with petals of joy-filled hours. . . .
So, comes inspiration.

* * * * *

She does not dream,
 My Joyous, Babbling, Laughing Brook of Youth,
That in her dimple,
 I see Joy and Sorrow mingling
In the mad whirlpool of Life.
Nor does she guess,
 That in her Love-born smile
I see the strength of Angels
 Holding care beyond its rim. . . .
Here lies my source of inspiration.

* * * * *

She has no thought,
 My White Rosebud of Innocence,
That in her heart,
 I see the sweetness of all heaven
Nestling gently there.
Nor does she doubt,
 In all her tender love for me,
But that I'm worthy of her simple trust,
 As good as man could ask, or God would have. . . .
What greater inspiration?

A Surprise.

The summer breezes called me
And I fled to their appeal,
For they showed me hidden wood-paths
With their secrets to reveal,
And my heart was light and airy
As I sped with nimble feet,
Through the vastness of the forest
Sweet with flowers, the glades replete.
And when once within its peaceful haunts,
Where the moon filtered through the trees
I stopped, all breathless for a space,
As one who from some sorrow flees.
The spot was all too soft with rest,
For me to haste and wander on,
So in the warm sweet moss I sank;
Inhaling deep from odorous fronds.
And as I lay in careless calm,
Quaffing in the delightful sight,
Out of the depths of velvet green,
Sped a fawn into the silent light.
Tense his nostrils sniffed the air,
His silken skin aquiver, all afright
With ears perched high for lurking danger
And to prove his subtle scent aright;
Full his eyes were now upon me,
Luring all my breath away,
For I knew when once he saw me,
Nothing could his flight delay.
But such was not, and proved me wrong,
And O, the courage of the pretty thing!
All timidity lost in its wildness,
For I no fear could bring.
O, my heart was joyous and elated
As I watched in anxious hope,

While the beauteous creature neared me,
Nibbling choicely, tender shoots upon the slope.
Now I felt its warm breath on my cheek,
And reaching out my arms to place about its neck—
The darn thing jumped right up and kissed me,
'Twas my own Scotch collie!
I had dreamt, by heck!



Celestra.

O, Fancy, or strange Death,
Send forth your guide again
That I may tread the star-paths
To Empyrea's gates, and when,

I shall have reached the portals
Of that elysian place,
Once more my love-starved eyes shall see,
The wonder of her face.

Once more my soul shall feel
A thrill no mortal knows,
Where e'en the tiniest star-kissed blossom
Bows in shame the earthly rose;

O, let me gaze my burning soul
Into her dream-filled eyes
That lend the stars their wondrous light,
And blue to the depthless skies.

O, let me watch the moonbeams,
Dance in their sacred play
On her snow-swept cheeks like lilies
That kiss each vagrant ray,

O, give me to drink, till my heart runs riot
With a deluge of honey drips,
To still my soul in the carmine fount
Of love that I steal from her lips.

Let my eyes go blind with the glittering gold
Of the sunset in her hair—
Crush me again in that perfumed embrace,
And let me lie breathless there. . . .

I am calling to you in the sigh of the winds,
My love's in the breath of the rose:
I stand at the edge of this tear-rimmed world
And wait for the day to close.

O, Celestra! Goddess! Vision or Real!
To you in the living I'm led
O, take me to you while life yet holds,
Or do you but wait for the dead?

My Heart's Affinity.

Somewhere, in this vast meadow
Of the earth,
There blooms, in great or less simplicity,
The blossom of my soul.
Each day, from out the nearby wooded depths,
Kindly zephyrs waft me perfumed tidings
Of its sweet existence,
A breath out of its daily life.
Oft nights, as I contemplate the stars,
I wonder, if it sees
My face reflected on their burnished silver;
Or whether it droops its head
In askance of the lowly blades beneath it,
Questioning them all,
As tho they might hear my footsteps falling,
On my way to pluck it from its loneliness,
And to crush it in happy death against my heart.
And again I wonder, if
Ere the sun of my life shall set,
I shall come upon the path
That will lead me to its sacred haunt,
Or whether Fate shall deny me,
The right to kiss its dying breath away.
Yet, though my eyes may never feast
Their fill of its untouched beauty,
Nor my lips feel the cool kiss
Of its rose-tipped petals, still, I know,
That in the mellow sheen of the midnight moon,
Our souls drift together in the sighing winds,
And our lives are one.

Now that You are Gone.

Now that you are gone from out my life,
I love you the more.

You took away your heart, yet you left the music
Of your voice, thrilling ever in my ears.

You took away your lips, but memory keeps
Your parting kiss ever warm upon my own.

No more your dark eyes gaze into mine, yet their last
Glance seems ever to pursue me through the gloom I seek
alone.

Your hands have ceased to cool the burning of my brow,
Still, in the midnight breezes,
I feel their gentle touch again.

You went from me like the sunset, and took my hopes
With you, leaving me to wander
In a night that never passes.

You took life's sweetest joys, and too my heart,
Thinking that I could content myself
With torturing memories of what I am denied;
The right to love you only.

Woman.

You are like a pond lily, far from the bank,
I may feast upon its beauty with my eyes
And delight my soul with its rare fragrance,
Yet, it keeps itself ever beyond my reach.

You keep your kiss from me, that its sweetness
May never be lost as the pollen of a helpless blossom.

You are silent lest I guess the secret that's
Within your heart, not knowing that I have
Read it a thousand times in your eyes.

You give me naught but the sweetness of hope,
Knowing in your woman's heart, that love burns
Quickly, and its ashes are only vague dreams.

Though your heart glow with a white love heat,
You guard its warmth within your breast—
'Tis woman's weapon, and you strike to win.

When you are near me, and my hands are folded over
Your own, words only mar the velvet of the night,
For the silence holds as much for me, as does the
Heaven above for the starlings that play within its depths.

One day the little god carved a bow, and after he
Had bled a rose, he gave them both to you for lips.

Your eyes so gray, peered strangely into my
Questioning own, as though they sought an answer
To the doubt within your heart, but they found faith
There, and you were satisfied.

Long Ago.

Dost remember the dear, dead days gone by—

 The sweet, happy hours we spent, you and I;

When together we roamed as the sun softly died

 Beyond the gray hills where the whip-poor-will cried?

Will those sweet, forgotten days come back once again

 And we roam once more the hillside and glen?

Do the birds still sing sweetly as in those summer days

 And the sun warm the woods with the same golden rays?

Will you, dear, remember, when life's tide ebbs low

 Those dear, sweet, dead days of long, long ago?

Love's Garden.

Dearest, as the days go by,

My longing for you grows, and why
I can not tell, but since we met,

Your charming ways I can ne'er forget.
The sweet, low voice and shy, fond glance

That were for me alone, I know, for they entranced
My soul that sped where just love dwells,

And chimes of laughter like blending bells
In fairy realms, rang in my ears,

And as an unknown enter fears,
I stood at a garden gate and breathed

With exquisite pleasure the fragrance wreathed
About this paradise of roses,

Wherein a sacred air of love reposes;
And so I fancied each rose a kiss—

Each kiss a rose, and as I dreamt,
Inhaled the perfume, and with each attempt

To pluck a blossom,
Failed, perchance, the sips

Would be too many roses
From their garden, your sweet lips.



Ode to My Lady's Ears.

You sing of eyes that rival stars,
Of ruby lips, when smiling there appears
A string of pearls. . . . aye, but prettier by far
Are my fair lady's shell-like ears.

Hast heard the song the sea-shells keep,
Of thundering waves against a rocky coast,
Of mermaid's lullabies that hush to sleep
Their mere-babes on the pillows of the deep?

In all the songs the sea-shell tells,
And all the lullabies the sea-nymphs boast,
There are no charms, there are no spells—
My lady's deaf, her ears are only two pink shells.

* * * * *

The tide of time has grayed her hair
And left it waving thinly there,
Faded stars; pale lips, of pearls are bare,
Yet, beautiful are the ears of my lady fair.

Eyes of the Night.

Each night, when dissipated clouds
 Have passed, I lie
And gaze in silent awe,
 Into the diamond scattered skies,
In vain attempt, to fathom but one tiny light.
 But their frolic, too wary and confusing
Seems, for my earth-born senses.
 And as I peer into the vapor blue,
My eyes grow weary, with the celestial play. . . .
 So passes on the night.
And when again I seek the play-mates of Hesperus,
 Find, that all have scampered on,
Blurred to oblivion,
 Before the golden lash of fulgent dawn.

Will O' the Wisp.

You let the soft light of your eyes
Play upon my lonely life,
Only to make me see the darker shadows.

Your hands rested in gentle pressure
Upon my own, not knowing that
In their clasp you held my heart.

You gave my lips to taste of unknown joys,
Only to deny them,
The future rapture of your kiss.

I sought the most impervious gloom,
That no one might see the chaos
Of delight, into which you had plunged
My being; there, I listened
For the music of your laughter,
But my ears were only pained
By the sound of another's voice.

When you called me, your voice changed
The harsh sound of my name,
Into a melody, so sweet, that I wished
For no other song from your lips.

You made me know the heaven of your smile,
Only to let me feel
The torment of the clouds of scorn
That assailed its happy skies.

You filled my life with the joys
That were a part of your own,
Yet, you kept your heart from me.

I stood beneath your window, gazing
Eagerly upward, whilst the light
Therefrom pierced the night like
Golden bars, but none of their
Brightness reached my gloomy soul,
And the song you hummed was not for me.

When you came into my life, my eyes
Saw you ever amongst the rose vines
On the sun-lit balcony; now, they see only
Dismal shadows skulking across the dungeon floor.

I gave you all my life, to do with as you chose,
But you passed me by,
Like some lowly blade along the roadside,
Forgetting that my blood ran warm,
And that my heart could ache alike your gentle own.

Visitation.

A pleasing fancy, smiled its way
 Into His heart, Dear God,
And with each exhaling breath
 He poured a soul into our clod.
O, revel not too gaily, Dust,
 'Tis only for a space.
For God inhales that breath again
 And Death must take its place.

Little Blossom at My Feet.

Little blossom at my feet;
Your mortal brothers have as yet,
To attain your perfection.

You are the love of mother nature
In beautiful form, sprung from her breast.

Your life is a rare moment in which you take
Only sunshine and scattered rain-drops,
Yet, you give all your beauty, freely to the world.

You are imperfect only in your power to last
In iridescent form, still tho your petals
Droop and wither away, and you bid the world adieu,
Your fragrance remains in the summer air,
A sweet memory of your life.

Unlike myself, you may not wander at will, seeking scenes
To delight your fancy, but must hold your life
To the spot that holds your heart, still, your happiness
Is in your own perfection, and in your power
To delight the senses of those that seek the wonders of God.

You are perfect in the molding, and beautiful to
Behold, what must your uncreated like in heaven be?

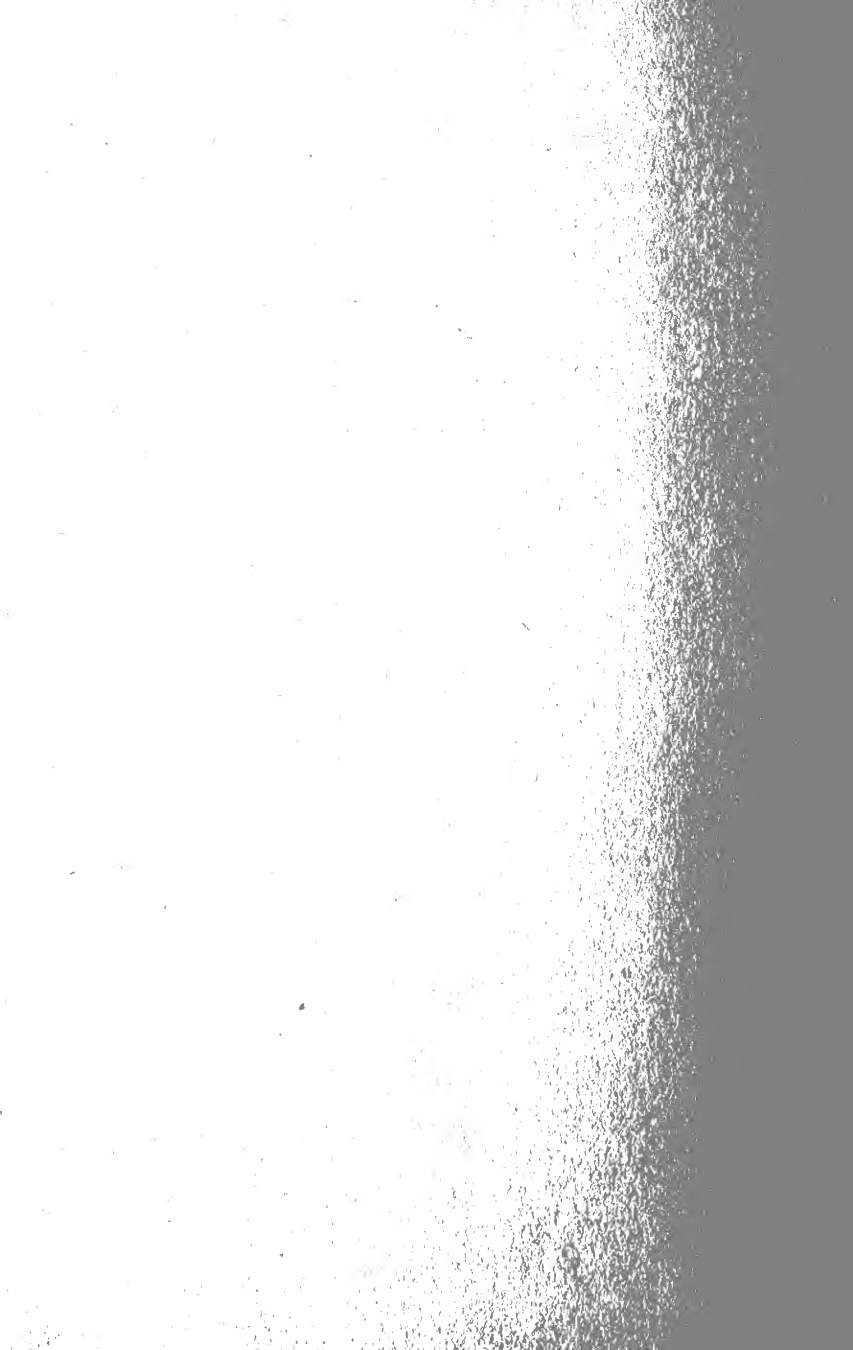
You are a marvelous creation of simplicity, yet the life
Of you reflects the greatness and beauty of God.

When I look into your perfumed heart, I find the same
Touch of the Master Hand has made us two.

If I could see my soul, I would liken it unto you,
Blooming only to enjoy the nearness of God, and
To live within His sight.

As I breath all your sweetness into my being, so,
May God also take my life to Him.





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